

Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, Dead Voices

long live our dying friend!
in the birth of his hand was the dirge of his end.
cold now in a warming world
still cold as the moment we're hanging frozen in.
writer of words, channel of fear.
lover of life, hater of living here.
come over the hills now, to your darling.
dead voices are near now, hear them calling.
vibrations reverberate,
in waves from a point in time and a place.
tune in and you feel them sent.
and all time is right now - what do we learn from him, then?
go look to his words, dont look to his past.
the story goes on, the players are recast.
come over the hills now, to your darling.
dead voices are near now, hear them calling.
what part of a million could call him a friend?
but maybe one in a thousand finds something to comiserate in.
and if that one is you, then what do you see?
what would you say to have saved him,
and ooh, won't you say it to save me?
the streets are deserted, the bars are the same.
one voice of the living: the town crier is calling your name.